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## TOAD MAN: LOOKING FOR LOVE



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### Chapter 1 by Unkie

Now I know the the old princess kissing frog thing was true. Me, I was turned into a toad. Guess I should say "am" instead of "was". I can't get anybody to kiss me much less a princess. Maybe it's the warts on my back, but personally I love them. I'm really thinking I've got "fly breath". Oh, what to do ????

### Chapter 2 by intellikat



The number was listed lastly in the classified ad, reading simply TOAD MAN 915-498-2189.

I sighed and placed the newspaper back down on my lap. Was I really this desperate? Had the city blunted my hope in a real relationship so much that I was about to lift the phone and dial the Toad Man's number?

Yes, I was. Yes, it had.

After only three months, New York had broken my spirit. Working through a temp agency as the receptionist at a linoleum company had pretty much brought my dreams of being an actress here to their knees, and then repeatedly kicked them in the balls. I wondered how much longer I could avoid the emails from my parents, and could lie to my friends back in Cedar Rapids.

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My dating life was another story. I was surrounded by attractive, talented men spouting bits from W

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of attractive, talented men spouting bits from W some upper west side bar

Instead, I was meeting the same kind of jackasses I had back home-- albeit their city counterparts were better dressed and held their fair share of confidence.

But, no. There was nothing.

Perhaps this Toad Man was testing me. Perhaps he was the man I was looking for and he, too, was fed up with the dating scene in this city. Perhaps he was looking for someone crazy enough to answer his ad. A millionaire, perhaps. Playing a love-trick. To see who might respond.

I would soon know.

I lifted my phone.

### Chapter 3 by Unkie



Toadman was puttering around the house while still thinking about his situation when he hears his cell phone ring....Hello? he said. Hello she said.

"I saw your female relationship wanted ad in the classified section" and thought I'd give a shout out". "my name is Penelope". Well, he said "I go by Toadman, as you probably have guessed. Hmmm "Toadman, never heard of a name like that. Is it Spanish, English, Italian?" No, it's Toad.

Do you want to meet somewhere and talk over a nice dinner Toadman?" I think it would be better if you come over here and I order home delivery" he said. yes, yes that will be fine. "Ok, I live by the swamp at Ferry's Landing. Which do you want me to order? Flies or bee larva"? Penelope laughed heartily and said Oh You Jokester !

Toadman never said another word.

### Chapter 4 by intellikat



Penelope sat across from Toadman in his shack at Ferry's Landing. It was at this moment that she realized she had most certainly hit rock bottom. Or pond bottom. Whatever. This was it.

Toadman dove into the brown paper bag once again with his large head and reappeared with a mouth full of larvae.

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"Are you sure you aren't I

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Penelope sighed. "I'm sure"

"So."

"Yes?"

"What is it that you do, Penelope?"

"I'm... an actress."

"Oh? Really?" Toadman's eyes perked up as he wiped the larvae from his mouth. "So are you working through a temp agency or are you a waitress?"

Penelope half-choked. "Ah. Erm. Haha. Okay, you got me. Struggling actress. And... temp agency."

"It's tough. I know. They say to give it two years. How long have you been in New York?"

"Three months."

"Oh, geez. Give it time. How are your headshots? Are they good? And your resume? Everything okay? Do you have any kind of representation? An agent?"

"Yes, yes... hey. How do you know so much about actors?"

"I used to be a casting director."

"You're kidding me."

"No. No. Do I look like the kind of guy that would start lying NOW to you?"

"Well, I suppose not."

"Sure. At the Roundabout. Four seasons. Then I got sacked."

"Why?"

"Well, it was during the whole financial crisis... before the bailouts and everything. Everyone took a hit. But, to be honest, I think that time is when... well, when I became Toadman."

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"Became Toadman?"

"That's right. Wait a minute... you didn't think... I was born this way, did you?"

"To be honest? No clue. I've kind of been too focused on trying not to vomit that I haven't considered much about your past."

Toadman put the brown paper bag down carefully and wiped his green webbed fingers on his denim jeans. Then he offered a hand to her.

"Sandy Toadman. You asked about my name earlier. Well, it's actually Jewish. I didn't always look this way. I didn't always have this voracious appetite for bug or be forced to live so far away from human civilization. How did you get here by the way? Taxi, Uber?"

"Yeah, taxi. So... Sandy. How. How did you become... a toad?"

Toadman leaned back and blew through his wide, thick lips. "It was a dare, it was a joke, or so I thought. One night at a closing night party. It was crazy. Silly. We had ended the run of a show and the we were drinking heavily. The props and costumes hadn't all been struck and stored yet. Someone was playing truth or dare, and they dared me to kiss a tiny silver statue of a toad king that was part of the set. Someone had made up a story about the prop being cursed... that it had been bought at an antique store on the lower east side from a gypsy... you know, bunch stupid crap. Anyway, I did it. Everyone joked that the toad would turn into a prince, then that I would turn into a princess... we kept drinking, I went home late... the next day I woke up and the transformation had begun."

"My god. Is that true?"

Sandy Toadman looked at Penelope as if to say "what do you think?"

"There's really only one way for the curse to be reversed. I know, because I went to the lower east side. And I found the antique shop, and the gypsy. She knew at once what had happened."

Toadman lifted a photograph of a handsome young man smiling with his arms around a group on a theatre set.

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"Is that you?"

"Yep"

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"Sandy... I'm so sorry. What did she say you had to do? Is it... to be kissed... by a princess?"

"Well, ahhh. Luckily, it's something not quite so exotic as that."

"What is it then?"

"Do you know Belvedere Castle? In Central Park?"

"Of course. Next to the Delacorte Theater?"

"That's right. Well... I erm. I need to make love to a beautiful girl on top of the castle. Overlooking Turtle Pond."

Penelope sighed.

### Chapter 5 by Unkie



"You mean a simple kiss won't due"? Penelope asked "would this be making out with a little necking & petting"?

"No" said Turtleman. "I must do the entire lovemaking act" "I'm talking Sex here Penelope".

"You mean with That little thing"? Penelope broke out in a hearty laugh.

"I know, I know" said Toadman sheepishly. I do have a long tongue but that won't help with what I need to do."

Penelope thought about it. "Hmm maybe it wouldn't be so bad, but No I just can't subject my body to that." "I mean I'm not entirely against Kinky, but this is Out There Toadman"

"Maybe I can find you someone to have sex with you down town Ferrys Landing in the South Haven District, but you'll have to pay her well".

"Money is no object. see what you can do" replied Toadman

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Chapter 6 by IntellKat

Later that night, Duckman was sleeping in his room when he heard a knock on his door.

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### Chapter 7 by Unkie



He came upon a message from Toadman: Duckman..I need help. I'm a virgin and I don't know what to do? Hurry, Come Quick.

### Chapter 8 by Jannie Rae



Duckman, I'm in a bind. You know my situation and I cannot find a princess to make love with....I need your help. "You mean"? "Yes...you". "But I switched from Duckgirl to Duckman because I like girls" he said. "You still have your female parts don't you...or have you had the operation already" asked Toadman. "Oh no...not yet" but will it work I'm not a princess anymore". Toadman remarked "maybe not, but you are a fairy

the end

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